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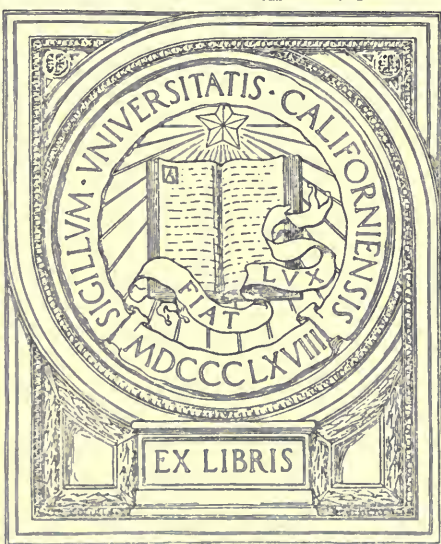


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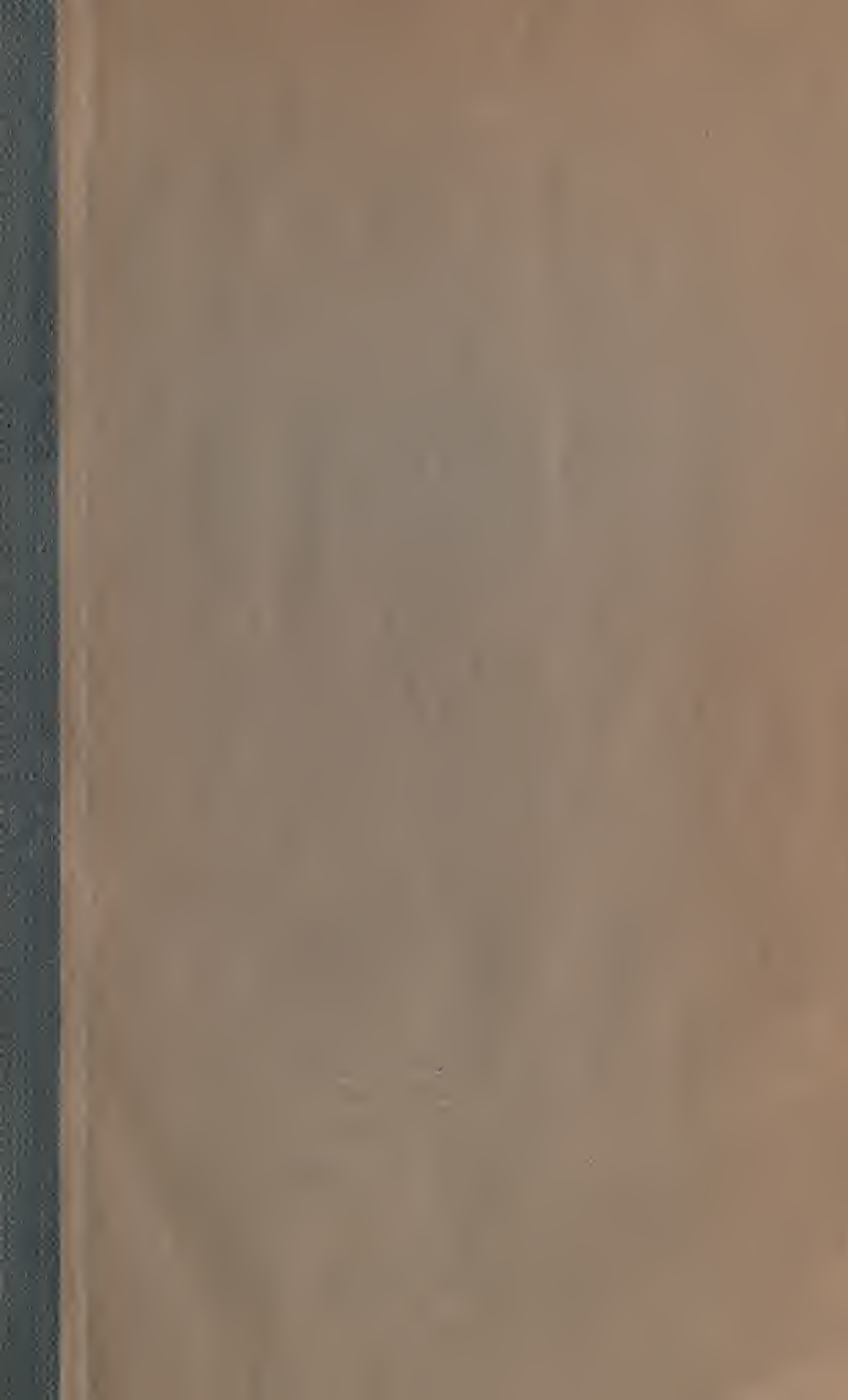
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Dashaway Association, Sunday,  
March 23, 1862

By  
G. Washington Badger

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN





A N.

# ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

## DASHAWAY ASSOCIATION,

Sunday, March 23d, 1862.

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By G. WASHINGTON BADGER.

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UNION OF CALIFORNIA

AT L. O. B. C. C.

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## ADDRESS.

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MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—I trust I may call you all friends, as we all love the *Temperance* Cause. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country. O God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of Earth's frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon-light has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and Heaven the bruised and weary wanderer. Yes, this Dashaway Hall is a beacon-light to the weary wanderer. Yes, Dashaways, you have here reared a memorial of your conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events, on the general interest of mankind. You meet here as temperance men, and invite those who have fallen to sign the pledge and shake off the fetters that have crushed the strongest of Earth.

You have marked a spot here which must forever be dear to you and your posterity. I wish that whosoever in all coming time shall turn his eye hither may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first

great temple was dedicated in California. I wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. I wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from paternal lips, and withered age may behold and be solaced by the recollections it suggests. I wish that labor may look up in the midst of its toil and feel proud. I wish that rising toward Heaven, among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. Let it rise till it meets the Sun in His coming. Let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

Look abroad through the cities, the towns, the villages of our beloved *California*, and think of what material their population, in many parts already dense, and everywhere growing, is for the most made up. It is not lifeless enginery; it is not animated machines; it is not brute beast trained to subdue the Earth. It is rational, intellectual beings. There is not a mind, of the hundreds of thousands in our community, that is not capable of making large progress in useful knowledge, and no one can presume to tell or limit the number of those who are gifted with all the talent for the noblest discoveries. They have, naturally, all the sense and all the faculties, I do not say in as high a degree, but who shall say in no degree, possessed by Newton, or Franklin, or Fulton. It is but a little which is wanted to awaken every one of these minds to the conscious possession and the active exercise of its wonderful powers. But this little, generally speaking, is indispensable. How much more wonderful is an eye than a telescope. Providence



has furnished this eye, but art must contribute the telescope, or the wonders of the heavens remain unnoticed. It is for want of the little that human means add to the wonderful capacity for improvement born in man, that by far the greatest part of the intellect innate in our race perishes undeveloped and unknown.

When an acorn falls upon an unfavorable spot and decays, then we know the extent of the loss. It is that of a tree like the one from which it fell. But when the intellect of a rational being is destroyed by rum, it is a loss which no one can measure, either for time or eternity.

Oh, the fascination there is about the habit of drinking liquors! Upon an ocean strewn with wrecks, upon whose dark waves no beacon of light has ever gleamed, the young launch out. A drunkard dies to-day, and to-morrow another reels into his place in the bar-room. His boon companions deprecate the man's folly with glass in hand. A murderer stands upon the scaffold and points out the cause of his ruin and crime, and the next day a fresh score step over his new-made grave and covet the same death. Darkest heathendom has nothing like it. The Hindoo mother casts her babe into the Ganges, but she yields her heart's treasure to the guardian Deity. She is a serpent worshipper, and so is man, whose fangs are red with the life of his child.

The infant sleeps in its cradle and knows nothing of life's realities, but smiles as it looks up into the fathomless love-light of a mother's eye. The rum traffic reaches in and rends that mother's heart until the fountain of life grows dry, and the tender infant wails for food. That babe is pinched with cold. If it lives, it finds life's pathway darkened with gloom. It is turned

out from the shrine of the paternal roof and reared in vice.

In after years, the babe of the cradle stands upon the scaffold, or scowls in the dungeon, or wallows in vice. A great people have looked on while the fatal net-work of their accursed policy has bound the victim, hand and foot, and cast him down.

Why should woe and want be carried into our homes? Why should our mothers, and wives, and daughters, be scourged until they weep drops of blood? Why should children be turned out with no inheritance but orphanage and disgrace? Why should the props and pride of old hearts be snatched away and broken? Why, in the name of God, tell me, in this land of plenty, where our barns gush with fatness, where our fields groan under the harvests which roll like golden oceans to the sunbeams, and where an ever kind Providence has scattered his blessings on every hand, should woman and children go hungry for bread? Why should our sons be turned out to be drawn into the whirlpool of crime, and our daughters to forget all that is womanly, and sink in vice for their daily bread? Is this christian-like? Is it like freemen? Why should our homes be turned into hells, and the husband and father into a demon, to torture and kill? Why must those whom we love be torn with hunger and grief, that a few men may fatten by selling rum?

A young bride stands at the altar dreaming of a cloudless future, and looking with a woman's devotion and pride upon the loved one of her choice. Together, she dreams of a bright journey through life. But the rum seller reaches into that happy home and wrings every fibre of her young heart, and blasts every bright dream, yoking her for a lifetime with a living corpse.

Again, a young man stands at the threshold of manhood, the pride of the home circle, and a heart throbbing with high and noble resolves. The mother's eye has kindled as it has watched his ripening years. The sister loves him with a sister's changeless love. But, rum reaches in and shivers the idol of the old mother at the very altar, until she weeps and prays over the blighting of all her hopes, and sinks herself, like a blasted thing, in her grave. That sister may tread alone the pilgrimage of life. The people have no tears for her.

Again, a father, with his sun in its evening decline, leans with increasing affection upon the stalwart form of an only son. But rum has blasted the bright hope of the father's old age, and leaves him to turn alone to his broken home, and no child's hand to lay his white head in the grave. Here is a point which writes the traffic all over with deep damnation, and brands a great people with worse than cowardice. Men who will coolly and deliberately fold their arms while such ruin is being wrought in our social relations, are unworthy the name of freemen.

Again, sir, whence comes this vast army of drunkards, who throng every avenue of life, and, with ceaseless tread, move on to the grave? Where are the fountains which feed this stream of wretched humanity? Where is the cause? Day and night, from year to year, the unbroken column moves on. The grave swallows sixty thousand in twelve months. The sod is hardly closed upon a fearful sacrifice, before its cold arms are thrown up to embrace as many more. And so this host moves on. Recruits are ever enlisting. The youth, in the saloon, takes the drunkard's place, and so back, until the legions are wrapped in the sun-light of youth. The

diorama of life is moving, and so it has moved for ages, the measured and gloomy tramp taking hold upon dishonored death.

The present Sunday Law regulates the liquor traffic, and with what result? Are the facts not startling to contemplate? We trust with hope and faith to our school rooms and churches for influences which shall promote all the best interests of society. By the side of these institutions are those which directly counteract all these influences, and sap all these interests. Like consuming cancers, they eat always upon the vitals of society. Their work of injury never rests. The Sabbath of God is no more respected in the rum shop than religion in the pit. All the influences of the rum shop are against religion and the teachings of the Sabbath. It educates for evil. Its very atmosphere is pollution; a moral miasma which is sickly with moral death. Virtue and purity cannot exist there without injury. The associations are contaminating, and the language and sentiments pernicious in the extreme. If you wish to hear bold and unblushing profanity, linger in the bar-room; if obscenity and every variety of low vulgarity, linger in the bar-room; if you wish to hear scandal and wholesale slander, female character blackened with pollution, and virtue and religion the target of sneers and scoffs, linger in the bar-room. The Sabbath is a general holiday there. They are the rendezvous of all the low and vicious in society, and thus, from ten thousand sources, the leprous influence comes up to canker and blacken all that is cherished in our Sabbath-day privileges. See you nothing to startle, in all this machinery of evil? The reckless and unprincipled rum seller is more potent, for the time being, among his kegs, than the minister in his desk.



Thus, sir, throughout the land, your boasted regulations make the Sabbath one of the great days of bar-room festivity, and such is the result of regulating a wrong. The idea is not more absurd than infamous. It is a foul compromise with iniquity; a yoking with saint and devil; a compound of heaven and hell; an infernal adulteration, which lifts up and legalizes wrong and pulls down the right; a draping of the three-mouthed dog of the pit in the habilaments of a guardian angel, to stand and smile at the door sills of the pits of earth. The principle would associate the arch-fiend with Deity on the throne of heaven, and mingle the wails of the lost with the praises of the redeemed. It would unite the worlds of bliss and woe, and place angels on a footing with devils. Does God, sir, in his government, recognize such a principle? Do His laws regulate theft, swearing, perjury, murder, etc.? Do His retributions slumber, when so-called respectable men trample on His laws?

Yet, the license system is a creature of legal enactment, and stands before the world this day as the great fountain head of nearly all the crimes which endanger the peace and blacken the character of society. A man, for the sum of fifteen dollars, is allowed to deal out the poison which nerves the villain's arm which carries the torch, or lifts the knife, to burn or destroy. He scatters fire brands and death throughout the whole land, blights hope as bright as bliss, destroys happiness, the holiest and purest, and sweeps on, like an avenging storm, until all that is pure in childhood, noble in manhood, or venerable in age, is withered and crushed to earth. Life, happiness and hope, virtue, love and truth, are alike blasted by these men allowed by the State,



and protected by its laws, to sell rum. The policy is wrong in motive, impolitic in principle, atrocious in its execution, and most cruel in its consequences. It is a principle so damnable in its conception and character, and so sweeping and remorseless in its destruction of human happiness and life, that it may well crimson the cheek of an American freeman with deepest shame.

But, however wicked the principle or policy of licensing a man to sell rum, may I point you to the effects of such a system? The present scourge has become gigantic in its strength, and world-wide in its desolation. It overshadows every land, and in every class or station of human society it has grown up on its throne of skulls until the wail of its sorrow, and the curse of its madness, and the burial of its dead, goes round the earth with its sunlight. The wintry wind that chills to the heart in the wretched tenement; even the summer wind that cools the cheek of the wife, who is dying by inches in the drunkard's home; pauperism, as it stalks through the streets in rags; the idiotic laugh, or fiendish curse, which falls upon the ear; the crushing of bolts, as we enter or pass the gloomy prison, all speak a history which is most fearful. The very atmosphere which wraps our altars, bears the intelligence that the work of ruin and death is still going on. But, if truth and history were to be listened to, instead of draping the infernal traffic in the tinsel of respectability, why not ransack every stenching pest house in society; dive deeply down into the darkest dens of infamy and guilt, where the base, unprincipled and abandoned crawl and slime, and promiscuous iniquity and diseased humanity reeks and rots in lowest degradation; hunt out the wretch who is learned in all that is foul and leprous in vice, and black in crime,

and adorn him with the authority to go out to curse and kill everything that should come in contact with his poisonous breath ; then, select some locality where God's fierce wrath has been written upon every blade, and leaf, and field, in language of most blighting desolation, and where some temple of death lifts its dark walls, damp and dripping with the green moisture of pestilence, its altars slippery with blood, and its atmosphere the malaria of death and double fitted as it sweeps the brow of corruption, where God's sun light has faded out, and in the fierce glare of infernal light should fall fearfully upon the guilty faces of the maddened hosts a upas, dripping with death and casting their withering shadows over all, every breath simoon-like, the scorching blast of the pit, and every stream a Stygian tide, to roll lazily on, thick and poisonous, through the waste. There place the instrument of ruin, and let him sell. The damps of rottenness should gather upon every glass ; kindred spirits should gather to break the stillness with their night-fiend revelry and unearthly laughter ; cursings and wailings should come up from the depths, and the knashing discord of the living should mingle with the anthem of the damned ; shrieks should sweep through the corridors of the infernal fabric, and the revelers crowd and jostle and curse at the gates ; the bones of the victims should bleach and glare in the sickly light, and whitened skulls look out upon the scene ; accursed should be written upon all things, and, at the entrance, *the road to hell upon earth*. All would then be in keeping, and not so bold an outrage upon justice and truth.

But, why sell rum as a beverage at all ? Can you tell me Christian men sit down, deliberately, and say to

those who wish to sell rum, how many pieces of silver will you give us if we will betray these women and children into your hands, all this is cool and deliberately cruel. Life and all its bright hopes are thus bartered away, while an oath sits heavily on the soul. Does your cheek tinge with shame, as you take in the length and breadth of this policy ?

In a pecuniary point of view, it is ruinous ; for every dollar thus received, hundreds are paid out. It is a fearful drain upon the substance of the people. Evils are sown broadcast over the land, and we reap a burdening harvest of woe, want, crime and death. All that we cherish in this world, and hope for in the next, is put in the scales with dollars and cents. For ten or fifteen dollars, a man is delegated to scatter a moral plague throughout the land and fatten upon the substance of the people. Every dollar he receives is hot with the scalding tear of widowhood and orphanage. As it falls into the public coffers its dull sound echoes back the wail of the famished and defenseless. Ho, for the price of blood ! Hoard it well, for an *ever living God has put its cost on record*. At the tribunal of the judgment stands the record of the unutterable evils of the rum traffic, and, as witnesses against it, stand the myriads whom the policy destroyed on earth.

Again, there is a kind of property destroyed which is seldom thought of, in viewing the consequences of the rum traffic. As the traveler stands in the seven-hilled city, and dreams of the greatness of the once proud mistress, he looks around with awe for the evidence of that greatness. The winds sigh, among the crumbling ruins, like the footsteps of the past, and he finds himself alone in the silence of desolation. The ruins have

outlived the greatness of the once proud empire. He sits upon the broken columns, which silently, yet eloquently, speak of the Greek's skill. But that classic land is only remembered in history, and perpetuated in her exquisitely chiseled marble. The proudest structures of earth pass away. The ivy creeps over the ruins, and dust gathers thickly upon them. Even the pyramids, should time continue, will waste away under the beatings of the storm, and mingle with the sands of of the desert. But there are monuments which never crumble. There are structures which lift up proudly amid the surgings of ages, and bid defiance to time and storm. We muse sadly where lie the ruins of empires, and tread carefully where nations are entombed.

But, to me, there is no sight so utterly saddening as a mind in ruins. I weep from a heavy heart, as I see the gloom of a rayless night gathering over the mind, and the structure which was moulded by the hand of God crumbling into ruins. The mind is property which is of more value than all the wealth of the material universe, and here is where we find one of the most startling effects of intemperance. Here is where the system wars upon a class of property which cannot be gauged by dollars and cents. There are ruins thickly strewn up and down the land over which the patriotic philanthropist and christian can weep with keenest sorrow. Look into the bar-room, where swarm the infatuated inebriates. Their slaving nonsense disgusts, and their wickedness shocks you. Turn away? No, sir; stand within the threshold: it is a licensed house, and the man behind the bar is fit and competent to keep a tavern. You voted for the men who licensed him to do this. Now, sir, stand within the throat of the seeth-



ing crater, and snuff the fumes that come up from the ever active and consuming fires. Turn away from the hoary drunkard in rags, whose shaking hand is lifting the glass to his lips, to a scene close by. Stretched upon his back, with leaden eyes rolled back in the head, and the arms thrown out, lies a man of middle age, slowly breathing in the deep stupor of lowest drunkenness. The face is nearly a lived purple, still darkening beneath the eyes, and assuming a living, burning red upon the brow and temple. He is evidently a man of middle age, and his form was once of rare and noble beauty. Both mind and body are now crumbling into decay. His comrades have, through mockery, placed coppers upon his eyes, and straightened out his legs upon the floor, and there he lies in the bar-room. Even the dog, who comes in, snuffs daintily and turns away from the bloated countenance with signs of loathing and repugnance. A scene of a more sickening and humiliating character could hardly be presented—and that was once a noble and gifted man. His was a brilliant and powerful mind. The beauty of his form was only excelled by his nobleness, integrity and moral worth. He was adored by his friends and relations—honored by his fellow-citizens, and respected by all. His was a bright promise for the future. The eloquent, the noble, the gifted, and the true, lies there. That mind is in ruins. Pillar after pillar has been undermined by the subtle stream, until there is scarcely enough to show the once classic beauty of the structure. A fortune has vanished like the moving mist. A lovely wife has gone to the grave, broken hearted, with the babe, destroyed by a brutal hand, sleeping on her breast. His old father and mother have gone down in sorrow to



their rest. A sister, with a devotion that never wavered, clung to her only brother, until a blow from that brother struck her down, and she sits a dreaming lunatic in the asylum. See you no destruction of property here? The eloquence which thrilled in the Senate of his State, and that wisdom that gave dignity to her counsels, has been trodden down. The orator and the statesman, the amiable husband and the upright citizen, lies lower than the beast, in the common drunkery. Every hope in life is blasted, and with a mind reeling on the verge of madness, the poor benighted wanderer stumbles on to a premature and dishonored grave. And this is but one case of many I could name—but the catalogue is endless. There is no resurrection from the wide waste of ruins. Here are whole temples of genius, where everything that is intellectual and God-like, in humanity, is buried beneath that lava tide which has so long swept on in its course.

Again, a voice comes from the grave of every victim of the home-curse. Gather them all in shadowy form, and the mind shrinks, and a chill creeps into the heart at the contemplation. How many graves thus speak. How many injured and lost ones look in sadness upon a world still groaning under the burden of suffering, want, crime and blood! God, what a gathering host! The hunger-pinched child and the heart-broken mother, the fool, the maniac, the gambler, suicide and murderer, all speak from the dead to the living! That voice is deep and fearful against the rum cause, and by all that is rending in human suffering, or black in human crime, appeals with all the solemnity of that language which is written upon earth on the dark walls of the alms or prison house, or upon the burial spots, with their cold

marble and heaped up graves, to the living upon earth, the philanthropist and Christian, the freeman patriot, to matron, sire and son, to every heart which throbs with love for humanity, country and heaven, which loves earth and hopes for bliss, to battle with a Christian's zeal and a Christian's faith against the common enemy of our country, hearts and homes.

God is with us ; who shall falter—  
Justice, who withstand ;  
Onward, then, for hearth and altar,  
*Right and our Native Land.*



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